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THE TORCH



A Pageant of Light
From the Early History of Urbana, Ohio



THE TORCH



A Pageant of Light

FROM THE
EARLY HISTORY OF URBANA, OHIO

BY
ALICE ARCHER SEWALL JAMES

"He that followeth after me shall have the light of life."
John--VIII.12

Presented on The Campus of Urbana University,

June 1922

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ALICE ARCHER SEWALL JAMES



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HISTORICAL NOTE

This Pageant is written as an act of veneration to the signal and unique moment in man's political history which it sets forth. There was the temptation, dear to a writer, to put it into such literary form as to endure, as books endure; but this was put aside for the better purpose of placing it in the hands of its natural children as a symbolic feast, game or rite. In such a form they will be in the position to speak aloud and to act forth at whatever time they are so minded, upon the very sod where stood the brave and forlorn originals, their words and deeds to justify them. Their very moving in the sunshine of gala days through these scenes of dogged lonely faith will be thus in itself a deed of gratitude.

The moment was signal and unique because it might so easily have been less. A few men, powerful in themselves, conquerors of every known obstacle to mankind, seeking, above all things, liberty and self-government, chose to abide by a distant ideal which bound them to others. And this choice was not by debate, consultation and decision: it was by instinct. May it not justly seem that a torch went before them?

Remembering these things during the play of the Episode The Wilderness and the Revolution, that speech by the unnamed officer at Fort Gower (see Randall and Ryan's History of Ohio, Vol. II, Rise and Progress of an American State, p. 129), (reproduced in the Pageant nearly word for word), which was delivered to the amazed and gory soldiers on the very day after the terrible Indian battle of Point Pleasant, should have a peculiar thrill in the speaking of it. Their enemies had been not only those which a wilderness provides, but were also the protected wards of their own king, and the assassins he had hired against them. The occasion of the speech and the dramatic resolutions that followed upon it was the scanty backwoods gossip, that morning arrived, concerning the action of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia on Sept. 5, 1774, two months before, in which it declared its first rights and its intention of standing by them.

The moment is therefore full six months before the first shot of Lexington and Concord, and this signing by them of a groping Declaration of Independence, affixing themselves to a vision veiled by the very oak-branches that shade their children's Pageant, should move the core of any Ohioan's heart. (Fort Gower is no more: it was a stockade at the juncture of the Hoocking River and the Ohio.)

It will be plain therefore, why I have omitted the great Revolutionary figures of Washington, Lafayette and others. What I have wanted to do was to select and save that peculiar isolation, the far-off wilderness obscurity in which our own pioneers were

forming their remarkable procedures. There is nothing quite like it in history, and the glintings that they followed are therefore especially poignant. St. Clair refers to these things in the inaugural speech I have given him, though of course actually he could have had only a scant appreciation of them. It was to place these aspects together as a unit that I put them into his mouth, rather than reproduce entire his own address, which, while noble in itself, could not have the advantage of our point of distance. In it he also makes that arresting statement, that Ohio was the first state in the world formed upon republican principles (being cut out of the wilderness after the Revolution). The statement is, of course, not original with him, nor with me (see *The Rise and Progress of an American State*, Vol. II, p. 597), but I believe the players of it will have the first declamation of it, at least in drama. The spoken word on such a theme should certainly thrill the speaker. I must add that the final grand prophecy of St. Clair about the kingdom of the Lord and the kingdoms of this world, is his own.

For the Episode of Missions I am indebted chiefly to the Rev. James Finley's account of the Wyandott Mission, published at Cincinnati in 1840, and inscribed "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." It is significant that the first to pierce the wilderness was the Church, in one form or another.

The Pioneer Episode deals with some great native figures, the Indian Chiefs Tarhee, Cornstalk and Tecumseh; and with Simon Kenton in his youth—the peculiar hero of Urbana. Simon Kenton entered the Northwest Wilderness at the age of nineteen, performing almost at the outset (for his friend Daniel Boone) the dashing and heroic rescue with which he enters the Pageant. Over six feet in height, with a stoutness of heart and limb, strength and alertness of mind and body, powers of endurance and a fearlessness quite beyond compare, he is a magnificent, naturally endowed hero. He had, in addition to these superb qualities, a simple guilelessness, and a heart so honest that his own advantage was continually lost in the cause of others. It was difficult to select incidents to be played from his long life, as it was merely a succession of extremity, till he paused near its close and joined the Methodist Church. While he was the constant foe of the Indian, he was no less his constant friend, and it has been my endeavor to show in this unlettered man the perspicacity of his natural justice as well as the deeper religious influences, which softened the end of a hard life. He lies buried at a lovely spot in the Cemetery of Urbana, with the Indian and the wild beasts carved around his tombstone, guarding the memory of a man who conquered and yet respected them both. The monument and its carvings are by J. Q. A. Ward, a grandson of that Ward with whom he sits, in his old age, in the Scene of the Circuit Court. For his history I am indebted to "The Life of General Simon Kenton," by John McDonald, of Poplar Ridge, Ross County, Ohio.

For studies of Tarhee, Cornstalk and Tecumseh, I am indebted to Benjamin Drake's "Life of Tecumseh," published in Cincinnati, 1841, also the Ohio Archeological and Historical Society's Records. These men were, without doubt, the greatest of their race and were native and familiar to the region of the Mad River. Tecumseh was born a few miles south of Springfield "on the north-west side of the Mad River," probably in the year 1768. It was on the banks of Deer Creek (Hopkesepe Run or the modern Dugan of Urbana), that they found him when they came to make him chief. (Life of Tecumseh, p. 82, 83.) Each one of these men was a model of physical and spiritual courage, endowed with the noblest gifts of oratory and self-effacement in the tragic cause of their race. The words used by them in this scene were actually their own, at different periods of their relations with us, but in the same connection. It is only fair to state that the spirited indignation of Tecumseh against his fellow chiefs for giving up their land to any "who should wear a hat," really belongs to Blue Jacket, at Greenville, at the making of that great Treaty. Tecumseh refused to attend the Greenville council, and, as he said, "took no treaties." His whole nature was sensitive, passionate and regal, and these words are in his spirit. His cry of grief at the continued barbarity of his race is genuine, on just such another occasion. He died fighting back the white man, as he thought, in the Battle of the Thames, 1813, as an officer of the English army, relying with forlorn hope upon English promises of dominion to his race. But it is some comfort to know that at the last he tore off and flung away the English uniform and ran to the front in his native fringe and feathers alone. A Pottawattamie Chief reported "that when Tecumseh fell, they all ran."

These three men deserve an epitaph as statesmen years ahead of their times. Had the counsel of Tarhee and Cornstalk (see Life of Tecumseh, p. 45, 47, also Ohio Arch. His. Soc. Pub. vol. XIV, p. 133), been followed and kept in faith by whites and Indian alike, there might have been a different close to their sad chapter. It may seem that Tecumseh should not be reckoned among them as a leader towards the light, his whole struggle being away from the white man. But there is no patriot in history who had a higher conception of what might be done in the development of his fellows. His rebuke to an English officer, "I conquer to save, and you to murder," is one of his many witnesses. (Life of Tecumseh, p. 182.) All he desired was to keep the land forever the common possession of man, held in trust from God and indivisible, (Ibid, p. 231), and to secure to his race the freedom to develop upon their own lines. And who can say he was wrong?

In the sketch of Johnny Appleseed, I have attempted to portray the most universal of his charming traits. (See Ogden's History of Champaign County.) His giving the ribbon to the little girl is an invariable one, as he always carried bits of ribbon for

little girls. It is a pity I could not also show his beautiful evenings in the cabin homes when he conducted family prayers from the Book of Worship and prayed "for all sorts and conditions of men." He was undoubtedly supplied with New Church books from Philadelphia, which he used as a veritable John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness.

The soldiers of Hull's Army actually camped beneath the trees that shade the scene of the Pageant. They became "the ragged Regiment," during their long winter's waiting there for the order to march to the lakes.

The Circuit Court travelled on horseback from cabin to cabin before the Stage-coach broke its way through the forest. The incidents of the scene are gathered from Mr. Ogden's History of Champaign County, and from notes by John H. James on the same.

The political meeting and the dinner, in the scene of the Harrison and Tyler Campaign, were held in Ward's woods, adjoining the campus. This also is described by Mr. Ogden, and the appearance there of the banner bearing the legend "The People is Oll Korreet," from which has descended to us those useful and famous initials. The ballad at the close of the scene is the genuine work of an unknown but spirited bard of an adjoining county, written for that campaign. (See Ogden's History of Champaign County.)

The founding of the Urbana University is treated as a culmination of the entire scene, not only because the unique character of this institution, the only one of its kind in the world, is indeed a culmination of brave and spiritual intellectualism, but because the founding of any University is by nature the other end of the scale begun in barbarism.

In the Civil War scene the resolutions and letter read by Ichabod Corwin were those drawn up by the citizens of Urbana on that occasion. Here, as elsewhere all through the Pageant, I have kept sacredly and used as frequently as possible the words and ejaculations of the great and modest originals. They are indicated in the text by asterisks. These, together with the general atmosphere of the period, have been gathered from many sources besides those already mentioned; such as the St. Clair Papers, by Wm. Henry Smith, Historical Collection of Ohio, by Henry Howe, Burnet's Notes on the North West Territory, Caleb Atwater's History of the State of Ohio, and from conversation with those who remember. May these things be an assistance in passing them still farther on from generation to generation.

I must also say that my reason for bringing in Simon Kenton again at the close of the play, in a symbolic part, is because he is, of all others, distinctly our own, a rugged monument of a man whose name is still seen on our city records; who stands for everything of the wilderness and also for the integrity with which it was conquered.

A. A. S. J.

Urbana, Ohio, June, 1922.

THE TORCH

A Pageant of Light.

SCENE—THE GREEN SWORD UNDER PRIMEVAL OAKS, LIFTING BY A SLIGHT RAISE TO A PAVED TERRACE IN FRONT OF TWO COLLEGE BUILDINGS (BAILEY HALL TO THE LEFT OF THE AUDIENCE, BARCLAY HALL TO THE RIGHT) WHICH ARE CONNECTED BY A COLONNADE OF THREE ARCHES. THE ARCHES ARE APPROACHED BY THREE STEPS. THE COLOR OF THE BUILDINGS AND OF THE COLONNADE IS OF A PALE GREY PLASTER. THE ARCHES ARE HEAVILY CURTAINED ACROSS THE FRONT. BEHIND THE COLUMNS, THE CURTAINS ARE A LIGHT BLUE. WOODS TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT AND BACK. THE RAILROAD AT EXTREME RIGHT; THE GATE AND LANE AT EXTREME LEFT. A PAVED WALK COMING DOWN FROM THE TERRACE LEADS DIRECTLY FRONT, UP INTO THE TOWN.

INTRODUCTION

In the extreme distance, behind the audience, is heard the choir singing:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
It laid for your faith in his excellent word.
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

They approach while singing this, passing through the audience, up on to the terrace, and in at the large door of Bailey Hall. Their singing is partly lost as they ascend the stairs within, and finally is closed while they are still unseen.

The Chanter, a symbolic figure, who has been seated on the ground, front, his back to the audience during this, rises and goes up on to the pavement and stands in a little rostrum against the wall.

The Chanter

Sun of the sky, upon the green June shining,
I do perceive thou art not any more
The theme of illustration. Through the years
Of man's adventure, look, a Torch has gone,
Small in thy daylight, but imperative—
A candle carried through a harvest field!
The dust, the glare of mighty occupations
Have blazed it out, like fire snuffing fire;
And yet it traveled onward, to be seen
At moments rarely when our groping cries
Called for an inward leading. Then the mind
Beheld a light within its circumstance
And wheeled upon its spiritual orbit
A full soul's daytime nearer to its spring.
Torch, I have seen thee. Torch, appear again,
And play the pageant of illumination.

There is a silence. Enter from each end of college buildings two symbolic heralds holding long trumpets which they blow. Their fanfare closes on opening chord of the following hymn. Enter during the fanfare the choir from Bailey Hall to the top of the colonnade. The heralds disappear. The choir sings:

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

Between the curtains of the central arch the Torch appears carrying a lighted torch high. He stands against the background till the second "Lead Thou me on," when he descends the steps and turns to the right on terrace. At end of the terrace he disappears. The choir remains in the same position throughout the pageant.

EPISODE I.

THE MISSIONS

A flight of Indians rush silently across the terrace and are gone. The last of them travel more slowly, riding on horse-back dragging their families on pole litters behind them. One of these groups alights, builds a fire, the man working on an arrowhead as he sits beside it and teaching his little boy to use the bow. They are driven off. Others arrive; before these have gone another flight of Indians overtakes them with bows and arrows, and rush away. They leave behind them the families injured, some killed, some dying. The Indians who remain express terror and dismay. They carry off their dead.

Enter the Jesuit Missions. They travel slowly across the terrace, chanting as they go, with the Crucifix at the head and the paraphernalia of the church following. They chant the words:

"I wait for the **Lord**, my : soul doth : wait;
And in His : Word- : do I : hope.
My soul : waiteth for the : Lord,
More than : watchers : for the : morning.
Let **Israel** : hope in the : Lord.
For- : with the : Lord is : merey.
With Him : is plenteous re- : demption;
And **He** shall re- : deem : Isra- : el.

Savages creep out of the grass and look at them, then run after them. They pause at end of terrace, set up an altar and receive and baptize the Indians. In the midst of their ceremony, they are assaulted by others. The vessels of the office are knocked down, the candles and altar overthrown, the Priests killed. One among them snatches the Cross and holds it high. He is shot down. First Catholic Missionary, falling with the Cross:

"Save the Cross; carry it on!"

Father Hennepin, who is wounded, rises, and seeing the cross fall, catches it up. He bends over the first Missionary and says:

"Rest in peace. I will carry the Cross to the end of the world!"

He staggers off with it into the extreme distance. The savages are lost in the thickets.

Enter, walking meekly, the Rev. Jas. Finley, Methodist, carrying a lantern in one hand and the Bible in the other. A blanket is folded over his shoulder. He comes to a tree, spreads the blanket on the ground, hangs the lantern on a branch, reclines, and opens his Bible, in which he is immediately absorbed. A huge snake comes from the grass and crawls across his knees and lies there. He continues reading. Indians are attracted by his peculiar occupation and approach him curiously, with hatchets lifted to slay him. They spy the snake and stand back amazed. He lifts his head and seeing the savages, and not the snake, he smiles and reads aloud a few words:

"Fear not them which kill the body,
but are not able to kill the soul."

As he reads he rises, absent-mindedly, taking up his lantern and his blanket, and with his book still open, continuing to read to the savages while he walks away. Some remain staring at the snake and fall on their knees; the others walking beside him in attitudes of consternation and awe with their heads bent while they look at him, and their hands lifted. The snake leaves the grass, the Indians around it follow it in terrified dismay.

Enter a group of Indians dragging between them two squaws, whose pleading cries pierce the forest. Their leader, a young chief, Tarhee, stands in a melancholy attitude watching the men tie them to a tree and pile fagots around them. He summons one of the men to him. He says:

"I cannot think it is right to burn witches, or to injure a woman in any way. If only there were some Prince who could command me differently!"

The Indian

There is no Prince higher than a Wyandot.

As they speak, enter the Rev. Joseph Badger, Presbyterian. The minister is absorbed in the Bible, which is open, as he walks. He looks up and sees the situation. He runs forward, and goes to Tarhee and says:

"Hear, my brother, what the Prince of Peace commands!"

Tarhee

The Prince of Peace?

He lifts his hands in amazement.

Rev. Joseph Badger

"A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another."

Tarhee (throwing up his arms)

"He has come, the Prince!"

Turning to the Indians:

"Cut the ropes."

The Indians do so, and then follow the Rev. Mr. Badger, reading to the Chief, who walks with him listening meekly. They all go off.

Enter the Rev. John Stewart, a Baptist missionary. He is walking between two Indians, has the Bible open and is talking to them from it. One of the Indians says:

"The Great Spirit has given his red children a religion to guide their feet, and we do not feel like leaving it so soon as you wish us to do." ***

The Other, Mononcue (says)

"The book you hold can have nothing to do with us. The Son of God was born among the white people, and we never heard of Him until the white man brought the Word. If the Great Spirit had designed us to be governed by this book, he would have sent it to us." ***

The Rev. John Stewart

"God has sent this book to you **now**. He commanded his ministers to go and carry and preach this book to every nation on the whole earth. Although it has taken this book a long time to come, yet it **has come**, as God has directed it; and it will go on until it has reached all the world, and all nations, and colors and languages of men; none can stop it." ***

They go off, earnestly talking together.

I. INTERLUDE OF LIGHT

ABRAM AND THE SWINGING LAMP

There file from each end of the terrace figures symbolic of the prayers of Christian martyrs. They chant as they go, in Gregorian tones:

"The Salvation of the Righteous is of the Lord.
He is their strength in the time of trouble."

They mount the pavement before the colonnade, circle around it with lifted hands and kneel in supplication, facing the arches.

The Chanter

"Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

The Prayers answer in the same manner:

"The angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear Him and delivereth them."
Enter the Torch running after them. He says to them:

"The Lord will give you light."

He stands between them at the entrance to the arches and lifts a signal to the curtains. They part, revealing the pantomime in the three arches—the Patriarch Abram kneeling at sunset in the whirling smoke of a visionary furnace, with hands and head thrown back in ecstatic prayer. Before his eyes passes slowly an ancient swinging lamp, lighted.

The Chanter (from the rostrum)

"And it came to pass, that, when the sun went down and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and a burning lamp. - In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying: "Unto thy seed have I given this land."

(Genesis, XV : 17)

The Torch ascends the steps of the central arch and, lifting his torch, touches the passing lamp. He turns to the Prayers, holding his lighted torch, and the curtains fall together behind him across the vision. The Torch comes down to the Prayers of the Martyrs and leads them off the terrace, in attitudes of hope.

EPISODE II.

THE PIONEER

The Chanter

Now rise and go
To other grazing fields, ye buffalo,
Lordly and slow,
For here she comes, of conquerors the best,
Bringing a home within her kerchiefed breast.
"Hail, bridegroom and the bride!
Throned on his horse behind him, see her ride
Slowly between the boughs he turns aside;
Above his shoulder see her bright eye peers
Into the unknown and ungracious years,
But oh, the heavenly spheres
With which her small arms circle him,
O comforts, peace and smiles
She leaves along the aisles
Of groined oaks and beechen columns dim,
Like unseen flowers strewed and unheard bridal hymn."

Enter the pioneer on horseback with his bride behind him. They alight at end of terrace and set up a home, a swinging crane representing a hearth, a table, four chairs.

Enter a great covered wagon drawn by oxen. It pauses near the first home and its occupants descend with their household goods. Some talk goes on indistinctly among them; words fly out:

"I'm too stiff to jump down, William."

"Hand me the baby, Ebenezer, and help mother."

The settlers together make a little circle of different household groups, in which baby nursing, cooking, and the distaff are the leading occupations. Indians enter suddenly and surround the whole, yelling and firing arrows. The men of the settlers go out and with their guns oppose them on all sides. The men fall and are dragged within by the women, who scream in terror. The first bridegroom is held on the ground with his hair in an Indian's hand, who, with the other lifted, is preparing to scalp him. The first bride hands the guns of the fallen men to the women, who kneel with their children on their knees and fire at the Indians.

The Chanter (from the rostrum)

True to the white man, True to the Indian,
True to his country, Simon Kenton.

Enter Simon Kenton, on horseback, coonskin cap on his head and long gun on his arm. He sees the danger, dismounts and dashes to the rescue, drives off the Indians, kills the scalper, lifts the wounded man, enters the circle and sits down. *** The women cry out:

"A brave man, a brave man, Thank God for him."

The first provides a meal for them out of the swinging pot on the crane. Kenton sits, lighting his pipe. The wounded pioneer says to him:

“Well, Simon, you behaved yourself like a man today; indeed you are a fine fellow.” ***

Enter at a distance on horseback seven Indian chiefs—Cornstalk, Mounkee, Pottawattomie Chief, Pickaway Chief, Mingos Chief, Tarhee and Tecumseh. They linger and dismount, gradually approaching during the pioneer's last speech.

Enter suddenly from behind, a very tall Indian chief, plumed and painted—Cornstalk. Behind him are four others, walking. He stands curious. The White men rise with their knives to fall upon him. Simon Kenton takes his pipe from his mouth, and says:

“This appears to be a fine fellow. Why not listen to him?”

One of the Others

“He is an Indian.”

Simon Kenton

“But this one has not hurt you.”

The Others

“He is an Indian.”

(They move forward toward the Indian.)

Simon Kenton (rising)

“He is also a man. And a guest.”

He steps between the white men and holds his arms out across the Indian, and continues:

Whoever of you attacks him will do it over my dead body. ***

The white settlers retire, Kenton takes his seat again, and the Indian chief comes in. He says:

You have treated me with courtesy. I am Cornstalk, the Chief and the Sachem. I am familiar with the behavior of the Great. It must continue between us. I have come to ask that you take no more land from the Indian.

The Settlers

Ha! Ha!

Cornstalk

I have here my brothers with me.

Suddenly three more great chiefs step up beside him. They all glower upon the settlers.

*** Words of Daniel Boone to Simon Kenton on being rescued by him.

Molunki

I am Molunki of Mad River. You have killed my deer on its pastures.

Another Chief

I am Chief of the Pottawattomies. Machacheek is mine. The Great Spirit gave it to my fathers

Another Chief

I am Chief of the Pickaways.

Another Chief

I am Chief of the Mingos.

Tarhee

I am Tarhee. Listen to me, brothers. Our brother, Cornstalk, is a just man. The Great Spirit put the sun in his mouth. He speaks quietly, and I speak quietly, too. Listen to me. There is a just and peaceable way in which the white man and the red man can live together. ***

Simon Kenton

Gets up and pulls two chairs forward for them.

Sit down. There is.

Enter Tecumseh very suddenly. He is taller than any of them.

Tecumseh

I am Tecumseh. There is not.

Cornstalk (to Tecumseh)

Brother, you are young and I am old. I have seen that the way of peace is better than the way of war. Let us make a treaty with the Fifteen Fires.

Tecumseh (to Simon Kenton)

I hope you will pay attention to me. It is well known by all my brothers present that here the Great Spirit placed my forefathers, a long time ago, and charged him not to sell or part with his lands, but to preserve them for his posterity. I am much surprised that my brothers differ from me. Their conduct would lead me to suppose that the Great Spirit had not given them the same charge, but, on the contrary, had directed them to sell their lands to any who wore a hat as soon as he should ask it of them. ***

Tarhee

My brothers, listen to me. I now tell you that no one in particular can justly claim this ground; it belongs in common to us all. No earthly being has an exclusive right to it. The Great Spirit above is the true and only owner of this soil; and he has given us all an equal right in it. We must live together like good children. ***

Molunki

But who will assure us that Mad River shall be ours forever?

Simon Kenton

I honestly believe there is nothing to assure you.

Some of the Indians look at him angrily for this and lift their tomahawks.

Tecumseh

(Making them put their tomahawks down.)

White brother, you think I mean danger to you. I have never meant danger to you. I mean no harm to any living soul. There is only one thing that I mean: for it I stand, and for it may the Master of Life permit me to die: the preservation of my people. ***

(He pauses.)

My brother, Cornstalk, offers to make treaty. I take no treaty, else our tribes should become mere feathered figures in a pageant when the Fifteen Fires sit around to remember.

He suddenly leaves, and lingers at a distance in an attitude of grief.

Cornstalk

Withdraw, my brothers; withdraw, my brothers.

They go out suddenly, mount and gallop off. After a little silence in which the spinning wheel and distaff are set to work, Simon Kenton rises and goes out of the circle which continues its domestic occupations. The Indian chiefs have all gone, save Tecumseh, at obscure end of terrace, absorbed in sorrowful meditation. The Indians in the grass at front have stolen Kenton's horse during his resting in the home. He goes to where he left his horse, sees it is taken, runs after it, recovers it, but is overcome by the red men, who tie him to a tree and pile fagots about him. While his hands are free, Simon Kenton throws them up to Heaven.

Simon Kenton

I had meant to help this country. Now I must die.

They tie his arms down. They begin to dance and yell around him, with tomahawks lifted.

Tecumseh, from a distance, seeing them, rushes in, flings the red men down, throwing up his hands to Heaven and exclaiming:

"Oh, what will become of my people!" ***

They run off. He then looks closely at Kenton, takes out his knife and cuts the ropes. Kenton, released, holds out his hand to him, but he mounts and gallops off. Kenton mounts and gallops off in the other direction.

II. INTERLUDE OF LIGHT

MOSES AND THE BURNING BUSH

Enter from each end of terrace the Prayers of Mothers of the Northwest Territory. They hurry along eagerly with their hands lifted.

The Chanter

"Now do the Prayers of the Northwest Wilderness
Ask for another light than of the Sun,
Through veils of homesick longing they perceive
Visions remembered."

They kneel before the arches; they lift their hands and cry out:

We are the souls of lonely mothers;
We bear and bring forth in the wilderness,
We nurse the men of a new State,
We left our homes in hope,
We meet bloodshed with valour,
We endure poverty with patience,
Make visible and sure to us the light
By which we travel!—Answer!

The Torch appears and says to the Prayers:

"Be not afraid. Open the Bible."

He stands before the curtain and bids it part. There is revealed in the arches the picture of Moses, the lonely shepherd in the wilderness, encountering the burning bush.

The Chanter

"Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian, and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And God called unto him out of the midst of the bush,—and said,—'I have surely seen the affliction of my people.'"
Exodus III, 1-2.)

The Torch reaches up his torch to the burning bush, turns it to the Prayers of Mothers, and the curtains fall together behind him. He leads the Mothers quickly off in attitudes of gladness.

EPISODE III.

THE WILDERNESS AND THE REVOLUTION

A fort is rapidly built center front. Volunteers of the Virginia army enter it backwards, firing before them as they do so at Indians who disantly encompass them on all sides. The Indians break and run. The Colonel, supported in death agony, exclaims:

“My men, we have done a strange thing; we have conquered, as subjects of the King, the Indians, who are wards of the King. God knows where this will lead.”

Immediately he falls dead.

The men of the fort remain, with their fallen leader between them, standing in and around the fort in attitudes of suspense and weariness.

The Choir

“So long Thy power hath led me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.

Enter from right woods, a backwoodsman scout, on horseback. He has game hung across his horse, is smoking a pipe and appears in no hurry or distress. With his rifle he takes a crack or two at squirrels in the trees. He ambles slowly across the fort, and as he passes it he says to the men, casually:

“There has been tea spilt in Boston.”

Then he ambles off and is gone to the left. The men of the fort look at each other and seem to ponder his words. Enter from the same direction another backwoodsman, a trapper, also on a nag, in much the same manner. He also drops a word to the fort as he passes:

“The Colonies are remembering that they have English rights. The people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina——”

After saying all these names slowly, he stops. The men of the fort call out to him as he puts his horse forward:

“More, More; what of it?”

He calls back over his shoulder as he goes off:

“They all say **no!**”

He is gone. The men of the fort take each others hands and some drop their heads in their other hands; others look up and lift a hand to Heaven; all express bewilderment, confusion and darkness of mind. After a minute they step out and look around. They all say at different times:

"We must do something for the Colonies."

Some of them beckon to a few of the settlers who are now seen coming from end of terrace. The settlers gather around, a few at a time, from all parts. Among them are a few women with aprons over their heads, distaffs or kettles in their hands. A few young boys and girls come together, in pairs, holding hands. There is general talking. One hears the words:

"What is it?" "Tea spilt in Boston."

And the various names of the colonies fly about:

"Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York."

And the words:

"They all say no!"

Quite a company, though not large, gather about the fort. After a minute or two an officer jumps up on top of the peak of the fort and addresses them in these words:

"Gentlemen—Having now concluded the campaign by the assistance of Providence, with honor and advantage to the colony and ourselves, it only remains that we should assure our country of what we have done. We have lived about three months in the woods without any intelligence from Boston, or from the delegates at Philadelphia. It is possible that our countrymen may fear our use of arms at this critical juncture. That we are a respectable body is certain, when it is considered that we can live weeks without bread or salt; that we can sleep in the open air without any covering but that of the canopy of Heaven; and that our men can march and shoot with any in the known world.

(Cheers from the settlers.)

Blessed with these talents, let us solemnly engage to one another to support our country as we understand it. It behooves us, then, that we should draw up resolves and sign them. ***

Benjamin Ashly, will you act as clerk and pin up a paper here on the post where all may read, and those who feel inclined may sign their names?"

Ashly

I will, sir.

Ashly then pins a large sheet of paper (or parchment) to the post of the fort. The officer then jumps down and, going to the paper, writes rapidly, calling out line for line to the people around him as he writes, and pausing for their consent, which is given in breathless

"Yes, yes." "All right." "Go on."

“Nov. 5th, 1774.

“Resolved: That we will bear the most faithful allegiance to His Majesty, King George the Third, whilst His Majesty delights to reign over a brave and free people; that we will, at the expense of life, and everything dear and valuable exert ourselves in support of His Crown, and the dignity of the British Empire. But as lovers of liberty——

(A pause and then there are cheers.)

we resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American rights.”***

Signed———.”

Come on, then.

Benjamin Ashly signs first. Then all the soldiers and the settlers, one by one, all crowding up without noise or disturbance. One young boy is lifted up to sign. The officer then takes down the paper, wraps it up, calls up a young man who happens to have a horse, gives it to him, who puts it solemnly in his breast, and says to him:

“Ride. Carry it to the Continental Congress.”

The people all cheer as he mounts, and some call out:

“Heaven protect you!”

He dashes off. The people stand, waiting. They all appear to be listening. After a good while is heard from a great distance, men's voices singing together, unseen:

“Then conquer we must

For our cause it is just,

And this be our motto:

‘In God is our Trust.’”

They also hear the chorus, “The Star Spangled Banner,” which is joined in by the choir.

Immediately below the choir the curtains are drawn for an instant, and THE FLAG appears. The Curtains fall.

III. INTERLUDE OF LIGHT

GIDEON AND THE LAMPS

Enter the Prayers of Soldiers, marching from each end of terrace, displaying evidences of a long, weary and terrible warfare. They throng up on to the pavement and fall on their knees, throwing up their hands, crying out:

“Give us a State; give us a country; drive out the enemy in the land.”

The Torch appears, and says to them:

“There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few.”

And standing before the curtains bids them rise. They do so and reveal the Soldiers of Gideon, who crowd around him in the central arch. He puts into each one's hand a lighted lamp and a long trumpet.

The Chanter

“And it came to pass the same night, that the Lord said unto him: ‘Arise, get thee down unto the host; for I have delivered it into thine hand.’

“And he divided the three hundred men into three companies, and he put a trumpet in every man's hand, with empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers.

“And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal; and they cried: ‘The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.’”

(Judges VII: 9-16-20)

As he says the last words, the Soldiers of Gideon lift their trumpets and their lamps. The Torch has quickly touched the lamps of the soldiers and turns to the pavement, and the curtain falls. The soldiers on the pavement immediately repeat, drawing their swords:

“The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.”

The Choir

The Son of Man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

While they sing this, the soldiers, as the Torch passes between them, reach and put their swords into the baptism of light. With them still drawn, they follow the Torch in marching order, singing with the choir.

THE RECESSION OF THE INDIAN

Enter two Indian chiefs and two soldiers, bearing between them a great scroll, which they spread out and hold across the whole back of terrace. It bears the legend, "The Treaty of Greenville," and under these words the enlarged facsimile of the Indian signatures. It is a background to the following scene:

The Chanter takes his place and during the following chant the Indians pass across the terrace in long procession, sad and conquered—in tribes and families, their chiefs at their head, their little families on the pole sledges as at first. The people of a better country run out to see them go, and are silenced from their curiosity into solemnity. A little girl reaches up her apron of cakes to the Indian mothers. The chant should cover the whole of their recessional.

The Chanter

Now once more rise and once more slowly go
To other grazing fields, ye buffalo;
Man neither fears nor needs you, and has decreed
Here shall live only what shall fill his need.

Farewell, high-headed moose and sullen bear,
All shadow peering things that fly the glare
Of the great harvest sun;
Farewell, ye deer and pretty spotted fawns,
Halting in troupes to nibble ferny lawns
On your long pilgrimage; shy graces ye
Of virgin soil, lost with maturity.

And soon forever gone.
And with you, mile on dusty mile,
The Indians pass in single file;
Proud and loth to recognize
Their day is gone. With haughty eyes
And plumage splendid, round the waist
Their wampum belts with bead-work chased;
Their leggin fringes tipped with steel,
Blurring their tracks from either heel;
On their backs their quivers hung,
And bows with reindeer sinew strung,
And onyx-headed arrows; so,
Dressed for a hunting do they go,
Conscious in every step they tread,
Of eagle feathers 'round each head.

They took their squaws and painted braves,
They left their legends and their graves,
The names, the songs, the mystery
Of our first history.

Oh, Conquerors, beware
How well you guard, how honorably you mind
The obligation which the wilderness,
 In going, leaves behind;
Which tree and beast and savage, as they pass
Eternally upon your conscious bind.

They brought you danger, hunger, toil and woe;
They gave you fearful odds and wily foe,
They darkened every path and dogged your ways
 That thus your souls might grow
To manhood's stature and to heaven's praise.

Gone is the danger and the fear of death,
Lost is the need for courage and for faith;
 But, oh, do not refuse,
 Oh never, never lose
Lordship of soul, the spirit's bright command
To which, alone, they yielded up their land.

And as from strength to strength and year to year
You go, mid wealth of fields, and markets' cheer,
Pray God He keep from noise of earth apart
A primal silence somewhere in the heart,
Where oftentimes you still may feel afraid,
 And look to Him for aid.

After the people have gone away, the Indians are seen for some time in the distance of the woods, slowly vanishing among the trees.

EPISODE IV.

THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.

Enter soldiers in gala uniform with roses in their hats. They march to small platform erected in front of pavement, and stand on each side. Enter a crowd of pioneers, below the platform, expecting something, and dressed in their Sunday clothes.

Enter from one end of terrace a company of little girls carrying a bower of roses. Enter at other end of terrace, on horseback and escorted by two aides, two gentlemen and two ladies, also on horseback, Gov. St. Clair. The soldiers fire a salute. The little girls carry their bower of roses to the center of approach to the platform. The Governor and his party dismount amid the cheers of the people. The accompanying gentlemen and ladies remain at one side. He walks under the bower of roses and ascends the platform. The aides follow him. The little girls then part the rose bower at the top into long sprays and, each carrying one, they also enter the platform and stand in a semi-circle around the Governor. He turns and smiles at them and motions them to sit, which they do. Children have come with their elders in the crowd below the platform, and through the following words they continue to arrive in great and greater numbers. An aide of the Governor has carried the Flag, and on its appearance there is wild delight. He stands with it behind the Governor.

Gov. St. Clair

"People of the Northwest Territory:—

"You have thronged into this wilderness as if led hither by a Torch. I believe it is the enlightenment from God which has led you, as it must ever lead the human race. You have had the effrontery to look upon these wilds as your own. They are your own: you have carved them by the right of imagination out of the chaos of disorder. When you shall have grown to the numbers laid upon you by Congress, you will become a State, and your name will be Ohio—the first State in the history of man founded from the beginning upon Republican principles.

(He pauses. Cheers.)

"Let those principles endure. The blood and bone of sacred heroes, not only from our noble fathers, but from our noble savage enemy, is in them. To them, who yielded us so much, as well as to those who won it with their lives, do you owe that State of genuine civilization "which shall be in the hands of Providence the instrument for bringing forward that time when all the nations of the earth shall become the kingdom of Jesus Christ." ***

(He pauses again; then continues.)

"I know, gentlemen, the way is not easy. You have chosen the most exalted political path ever trod by man. In it you will be guided to a just achievement by this document, The Ordinance of 1787.

(He opens a great scroll and reads from it.)

"Six Articles from The Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States, Northwest of the Ohio River."

"These Articles shall be considered a compact between the original States and the people in said territory, and forever remain unalterable unless by common consent."

Article I. Freedom of worship and religious sentiment.

Article II. Right of trial by jury and Habeas Corpus.

Article III. Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.

Article IV. Said territory and the States which may be formed therein, shall remain forever a part of this confederacy of the United States of America.

Article V. Such State when admitted into Congress shall be at liberty to form a permanent State Government, but it must be a republican form of government.

Article VI. There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory."

He folds the scroll. The children have by this time covered the terrace. They have crowded up onto the platform. He turns, noticing them with pleasure. The little girls with the rose bowers then rise and form the arch again above him.

Gov. St. Clair

Let us then educate our children to the good of humanity and the fear of God.

The people cheer. He turns with a child in each hand, walks through the bower of roses and out along the terrace. The little girls with the roses follow him; and all the people and all the children—his family company at a distance. He goes up the school steps and knocks on the door. Out comes the teacher of the pioneer period. The Governor opens the scroll and reads him the third article of the ordinance. The teacher bows to him and immediately presents the children with open books and leads them into the school. The choir sings:

"Jesus shall reign"

and stops there. They all crowd past the Governor and into the school. The Governor and his party loiter back to the horses at other end. The soldiers march off and the crowd begins to disperse. As the Governor's party begin to mount, one of the ladies, taking a gentleman's hand to mount, instead, turns with him into a minuet. An improvised figure of the minuet is then danced in riding costume, after which, with some quiet chatter and soft laughing, the party canters off. The crowd has all gone.

IV. INTERLUDE OF LIGHT

SAMUEL AND THE TEMPLE LIGHT.

Enter the Prayers of Children from the steps at side of colonnade, out of the school onto the platform. They carry little torches like candles, which are not lighted. They run around and kneel down, facing the arches. They lift their torches and say, not all together, but in groups:

“Give us light. Give us light!”

Enter the Torch with no light. He says to them:

“The Lord will give you light.”

He goes between them and beckons the curtains to rise. There is disclosed the vision of little Samuel, asleep by the altar, and the lamp of God hanging over him.

The Chanter

“And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see:

And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep;

That the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, “Here am I.”—(1 Samuel III, 2-4.)

The child Samuel awakes, listens, kneels immediately, and looks up. The Torch reaches up and touches the lamp. His torch flames out. He turns again to the Prayers of Children and the curtain falls together.

The children run to him, reaching up their candles to touch his fire. Each child's candle burns and he turns and runs out onto the terrace and away. The terrace is thronged with sparkles of light that run out into the world.

EPISODE V.

PEACE AND WAR, 1812.

A sound of young people's voices laughing and talking. A few come running around the corner of the terrace carrying cornstalks in their arms. More follow gaily with fiddlers.

Enter, at opposite end, far off in the woods, a company of ragged soldiers, who make camp and sit around their fires on the grass in a weary fashion. The young people, front, gather slowly around the center of terrace. Enter from opposite end in a desultory fashion, a singular figure. He wears a tin sauce pan on his head for a cap, with the handle behind, a coffee sack with holes cut out for head and arms as a coat. He carries a paper sack under one arm and stops now and then to dig a little with a stick and plant something from the bag.

Enter after the young people, from first end, a few farmers of the period with their scythes, sickles, etc. Their wives have come to see the corn husking and carry, some, babies, some, baskets of cakes and buckets of soup.

Farmer Petty (to Farmer Arrowsmith)

How de do, Farmer Arrowsmith? How's the crops? brother.

Farmer Arrowsmith (to Farmer Petty)

Thanks to the sickle and the scythe, the land's all right now, Farmer Petty. I have mowed ten acres a day—me and my brothers.

Farmer Petty

Big harvests are coming along. I have as many as twelve sheaves to the stook.

Farmer Logan (arriving late)

I'm so glad ye all waited for me.

(A general laugh.)

Johnny Appleseed has approached and, as they pile up the work and sit around it, he continues reading aloud from the little ragged book he has taken from his breast:

“So too, loving the neighbor does not mean loving a companion as to person, but loving truth that is from the Word, and loving Truth is willing and doing it. From this it is plain that——”

He looks up and sees the young people and the farmers, and says:

“How de do, everybody.”

And then continues reading:

“That the Lord’s Divine in heaven is love, is because love is the receptacle of all things of heaven, which are peace, intelligence, wisdom and happiness.”

He looks up.

*** Johnny’s words on reading these quotations.

“News right fresh from heaven.” ***

“How are you all?”

A Young Girl

Very well, Johnny. Come and sit down with us.

A Young Man

How are the apples?

Johnny (turning slowly and courteously to each one)

“I must pass on. The Lord’s in a hurry with my work.”

(To the young man)

“The apples are the fruit, sir, after the planting. — Good works after temptation, you know,—I can’t remember the number of that.”

He passes on, slowly shaking his head. Farmer Petty accosts him:

“What is that book, my friend, from which you read?”

Johnny Appleseed

Swedenborg, your honor, the servant of the Lord.

A little girl has run out from her mother and embraced him. He gives her a ribbon; they walk along together slowly past the husking group.

Farmer Arrowsmith (to Farmer Petty)

He’s well known in these parts. We love him. But let him tell you.

Farmer Petty (to Johnny)

And who are you, yourself, sir?

Johnny Appleseed

(He takes off his saucepan hat and gives it to the woman, who dips in in her bucket.)

I’m His servant, too; Johnny Appleseed—

To the woman, who hands him his soup:

I guess that’s my name, isn’t it? Planting apples, you see—and generally cultivating the internal and the external for the next generation. Here, mum (to the woman), is your pippin seeds. I’ve examined your lot south of the pasture and it’s all right—well protected. Thankee—no—I’ll sit right here where Mary Ann has a place for me.

He sits down by the little girl with the saucepan on his knees.

Just you go right on with your business, friends. I’m nobody in particular.

He begins to eat and he and the little girl talk together.

The work on the corn has proceeded rapidly. Some one calls for the fiddlers, who have been smoking their pipes at one side. A country dance is planned for and the corn gathered up. During this, Johnny gets up, puts his saucepan hat on again, and, taking his book from his breast, approaches the woman who fed him.

Johnny Appleseed

Here, mum, is those next pages about little children in heaven, number 216. It hitches right on to what you have,—yes, mum, thank ee, mum.

He turns to the farmers rather timidly, as they are occupied in watching the young people. He touches farmer Petty on his arm.

Johnny Appleseed

If you like, sir, I'll give ye this number about work in heaven,—No. 242.

(He tears it out and gives it to him.)

I'm sorry I can't give ye more, sir, but you see, I pass it on from soul to soul—an infallible protection against dangers here and hereafter.

Farmer Petty (taking the pages)

I thank you, sir—we need that protection.

The dance is on—Blind man's Buff—Square Dance—Broad Jump—Virginia Reel,—and Johnny wanders off and is gone. After the dance is well under way a roll of distant drums arrests them.

The Choir

"So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, 'till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Their voices are drowned in the life and drum and tramp of many feet. Hull's army approaches, a ragged regiment marching with the colors. Their captain steps forward to the young farmers and says:

"Peace is over. If you love your country, March."

The words, "WAR, WAR," fly about. The young farmers hastily seize their guns, the girls hanging round them. Cries of

"So soon!" "Not yet!" "Goodbye."

They eagerly take their places among the soldiers, tearing themselves from the farewells of their sweethearts. The farmers take their places with them. Other pioneers rush from the woods, crying

"Take me too; wait for me."

and join them, and the army marches past, amid the tears and fluttering handkerchiefs of the women. The army turns and gradually disappears in extreme background. The women left behind sadly and wearily gather up the remains of the happy husking party and carry their corn and the children off with them.

V. INTERLUDE OF LIGHT

ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Enter from each side terrace the Prayers of Youth, young men and maidens in couples and singly, with their hands lifted, and heads thrown back. They fill the platform and kneel. They cry aloud in different groups, the girls and boys together:

“Guide us on our way
To immortal day.”

The boys, separately:

“Shine out and answer!”

The girls, separately:

“Shine out and answer!”

Enter the Torch running. He says to the Prayers:

“Jesus said, ‘I am the Light of the World.’”

He waits before the curtains as before and they part, showing the Adoration of the Magi. At one end of the colonnade sits the Virgin, her back partly to the front, bending over a strong light. Around her are grouped the familiar figures of the scene. The three kings come in one by one, in adoring attitudes, and kneel before the light. The Torch enters and kneels, also lifting his torch to it. He rises with flaming light and steps out, the curtains falling behind him. During this, the Chanter has declaimed:

The Chanter

“When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it stood over where the young child was.

“When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”—(Matthew II, 9-10.)

EPISODE VI.

THE RUSH OF LIFE.

First Scene

THE CIRCUIT COURT

A small group of citizens wander in behind three horsemen, who dismount, tie their nags to a tree, and set up a surveyor's tripod. The horsemen are McCLELLAND, HARLIN and HALSEY. Among the group of citizens, JOHN HUMPHREYS, WILLIAM POWELL, PAUL HUSTON, FREDERICK AMBROSE, SIMON KENTON, who is an old man leaning on a cane, EDWARD PEARCE, WILLIAM WARD and JOSEPH VANCE. The riders go to William Ward.

McClelland

Where is that owner of oaks, William Ward?

Ward

I am he. Let us lay out a town.

Thereupon, he and the three riders walk from oak to oak in consultation, setting up and moving the tripod and waving their arms in all directions. The others watch them curiously and then move on to meet three other riders on nags at the other end—the Circuit Court. These elderly gentlemen dismount, chattering and laughing, their saddlebags bulging with docket and deed, and are soon set about a table among the citizens, with Joseph Vance as clerk. During this, and as Ward and the three others survey the oaks and then proceed slowly in conversation across to the table where the Circuit Court sits, the Chanter declaims:

See McClelland and Harlin and Halsey, who ride,
By statute commissioned, in valour set forth,
With their cabins behind and before them the North.
Audacious their orders and bold their commands
To seize with their souls what eludeth their hands.

Now where the buckeye spreads his shade
And lights his candles in the sun,
William Ward had clearing made,
Near a flag-grown marshy glade
Where the long-legged herons wade;
The Indians called it Hopkesepe Run.

Here the three dismounted, and,
Chatting, glanced about the land;
Walked with Ward from oak to oak,
Long they looked and short they spoke;
Their souls like eagles in the air

Saw a hundred years unfold,
 Fields of green and fields of gold,
 Crowded street and village square;
 And beneath the buckeye shade
 Straight a compact they have made,
 Spoken mind to mind.

No ancient beech with his store of fruits,
 No oak enthroned 'mid thousand roots,
 No deer, nor bear
 Who inhabited there,
 That compact saw or signed,
 Yet who can say, when the moon rose clear
 Above the pheasant's river,
 They did not feel that compact bind,
 And oak to buckeye shiver!
 The forests of Urbana felt
 A new name into the branches melt,
 But Hopkesepe, never.

So the three cantered home to report what they saw,
 A town they had placed, and established the law.
 They struck not a blow and they asked no replies,
 But a country they took with their souls and their eyes.

By this time they have reached the table and the Court. The Judges stand as they come in, and the surveyors bow to them separately, speaking their names, "Judge Dunlevy," "John Reynolds," "John Runyan." They then place in their hands, through William Ward, a parchment scroll, and bowing again, they turn, run to their horses and mount and gallop off whence they came. The Judges sit again.

Judge Dunlevy

This first court of common pleas in the County of Champaign, has been an occasion to remember. Joseph Vance, before we jog on to Chillicothe, will you read, as Clerk of the Court, the names of its distinguished grand jury?

(As Joseph Vance gets his paper ready.)

You understand, sirs, the bear and the wolf are scarcely gone from among us; many of the honorable Court itself have suffered at the hands of savages, and I repeat: this is a memorable gathering.

Joseph Vance (standing)

John Humphreys, William Powell, John Clark, Paul Huston, Frederick Ambrose, Simon Kenton, Edward Pearce, Moses B. Corwin, William Ward, Henry Bacon, and James Cooley.

(He sits down.)

Judge Dunlevy

Some one will preserve these names, for your children, sirs! Come now.

(He leans back and relaxes.)

Is there anything to bring before us on closing this session?

Joseph Vance

There is the matter of the survey, your honor!

Judge Dunlevy

Ah yes, the dividing of all this pleasant land as it is so provided for, into townships of

William Ward

Six miles square, your honor—thus—by lines running due north and south and others crossing at right angles, —here at Pickaway, —here at Mad River—

Judge Dunlevy

Sit down beside us, Ward (they make room for Ward); and Simon Kenton, come; we need your wisdom.

(Simon Kenton sits down front, but says nothing. He is smoking a pipe.)

Judge Dunlevy

Spread out the map. Ah yes,—the lovely glade of oaks around the Hopkesepe Run!

William Ward

There shall be a town here. Look, we will donate this square for the center of the town. It shall be for public use and enjoyment.

Joseph Vance

The markets, the stores, to stand all around.

William Ward

And the principal streets to run transverse out of the middle of each side.

(He looks with pride as he sketches it.)

That will give it an unusual appearance, different from other towns.

Judge Dunlevy

Very good, sir. But where is the seat of justice?

William Ward

There is a log house here on Lot 174 which might be used for the Court until we can build a better.

Edward Pearce

And when we build it, it shall stand in the center of town——

William Ward

With columns to its porch!

Judge Dunlevy

A log cabin is a good square deal for justice, my friends. It will suffice for the present.

William Ward

I will give fine land to that town, parks and playgrounds.

Joseph Vance

I will give also, and work for it. It shall be our town!

Judge Dunlevy

And I'll send you to Congress from that district, and we'll make you Governor of the State, sir.

(They all laugh.)

Judge Dunlevy (to Simon Kenton)

And you, Kenton, what will you give this new town?

Simon Kenton (slowly)

I have owned lands, sir, which I took with my foot and my gun, but I have forgotten where they are. I have nothing but my grave and my name to leave the town.

Judge Dunlevy (to Simon Kenton)

And the grave and the name of a brave man is a good bequest, Simon.

(He leans back and looks at Ward.)

Now by what name, William, would you call that town?

William Ward

It could not well be called Hopkesepe!

The Citizens (a few at a time)

No. It is not an Indian town.

Joseph Vance

Some great Indians have lived here: Tecumseh—it was his home.

Judge Dunlevy

But they have gone—with the bear and the wolf. This is a very gracious land, sir; its county seat should have a gentle, I should say, somewhat classic name; a little scholastic, sir, with an eye to the learning of the youngsters—put a smack of Latin in it—a smack of Latin; make it urbane.

William Ward

For that very reason, your Honor, I had thought of the name Urbana.

Judge Dunlevy

Excellent name. Urbana it is.

(He stands up.)

Well, are the nags ready?

The others stand. A little hostler brings in their nags. The Circuit Court mounts and jogs off. The others walk away.

Second Scene

THE STAGE COACH

While groups of citizens and pioneers very gradually come upon the scene (in the garb and manner of the previous scene).

The Chanter

Now is the time to remember and praise
The names of our patriarchal days,

First, Ward, who caught from the wilderness
The lands which ever his children bless,
Herald of arts by which men live,
He took that he might have to give.

Then Reynolds, who over his counter sold,
To those who had neither silver nor gold,
Awl-blades and axes, needles and thread,
Calico, powder, tobacco and lead,
In exchange for linen and linsey and shoes,
Beeswax and deerskins, tallow and news,
Banker and merchant and postmaster, he;
His counsel for white man and Indian, free;
Beloved by the girls as he opens his bales,
And courted by youths when he hands out the mails.

Then Kenton and Weaver and Pearce and Vance
And Runyon and Renick and Luce and Pence;
Poor was your pay and little ye sought,
A century's praise for the work ye wrought.
Honor them now, for slender their story,
And easily lost is their diffident glory.

Enter Reynolds, a very busy man, dragging the mail bags, Runyon and Renick hurry after him.

Runyon

(In a dazed, lazy way, scratching his head.)

"It 'minds me of some'at they tell me yestre'en, that the horseman waru't coming for the mails no more."

Reynolds

Pay no attention, Mr. Runyon, to what you hear, but to what you see. You see the mail to be sorted before he arrives, don't ee? Come, Renick.

Renick

But he aint going to arrive?

(Nevertheless, they get to work. Enter one or two inquiring for the Postman.)

"Wonder if he cast a shoe!"

Reekon his horse got took down Mad River on the current. It's running strong after the rain."

Renick

But there aint no horse!

(Others laugh.)

Farmer Petty

What's this talk of no horse and no post? Is the country going backwards?

They all question and gossip together, bringing in letters for the Postman and assisting or retarding Reynolds at the bags. During this

The Chanter (continues)

And, lo, the arms of courtesy and peace
Eager the farthest village to embrace,
Clear for themselves a level running place,
To Union, Concord, Harmony and Zane,
They hurry past the sawmill and the plane;
Like shining ribbons stretched the land about,
Behold, the pikes run out.

And lo,

What ho!

Plunging over root and brier
Where the Indians lit their fire,
Breaking silence dark and deep
Where the ancient forests sleep,
Reckless of the bogs and snags,
Scattering herds of antlered stags,
Horse and four wheels crashing past,
Hail to the stage-coach and to him who drives,
Welcome the social years and gentler lives.

Enter Mr. Luce, running.

Mr. Luce (crying out)

She's coming!

A Voice

What's her name!

Mr. Luce

She's smashing right over everything. Listen! Hear her!—

They all listen. The sound of a distant horn.

Mr. Luce (in frantic joy)

The Stage Coach!

— All exclaim with him and run to watch. A distant sound of a coach horn. Whereupon the Stage Coach dashes up across the terrace with brass horn winding. As it approaches, more men, women and children appear from field and home, running after it excitedly.

As it comes to a stand, out of it steps a family in careful and elegant dress of a later period. The pioneer people approach them deferentially, and as they do so, it is evident that manners and social requirements have arrived. The children courtesy to each other, as do the elders. In groups of two or three a few walk slowly back across the terrace, expressing in their dress and bearing different aspects of the more comfortable years. Meanwhile the Coachman steps down.

The Coachman

Well, here I am,—the new order of things. How do you like it?

(Pointing with pride to his Coach and six.)

All (in different voices and places)

Welcome, welcome. Look at the coach! four wheels!—wonderful—six horses!

(They crowd around.)

Mr. Reynolds

The mail is ready, Coachman.

Mr. Renick (to the Coachman)

Be you the postman now?

Enter the Industries, running with bales and bundles, shouting:

"Yes, yes, he is the Postman, and the express."

The Coachman (with dignity)

I have here a letter for Farmer Petty.

Mr. Renick

Farmer Arrowsmith, I guess the country aint going backwards, after all, is it?

The Coachman

That letter left Pickaway this morning at dawn.

(Cries of great astonishment. They all look at the letter.)

Mr. Reynolds (commandingly)

The mails are closed. Do not detain the mails.
(The mails are lifted in.)

The Coachman

Ready, sir. Stand aside, gentlemen: wish me good luck in the forest!

Cries of

“Good luck, good luck.”

The Coachman (as he gets under way)

See you all this day next week.

He dashes off. The crowd loiters back, talking it over and trying to read farmer Arrowsmith's letter.

Meanwhile, the group that alighted from the Stage Coach has been increased by the church goers, walking quietly with their psalm books under their arms, society lovers with fan and parasol, the market women with their baskets, the lawyers with quill pens behind their ears, one doctor with his bag and umbrella.

One Churchgoer

Rev. Price will no doubt preach us a good sermon.

Another Churchgoer

The Buck Creek Congregation can use it.

Market Women

Venison and Bear's meat is no longer cheap! My man hungers for it.

Another Market Woman

But think of the white flour!

Lawyer

The deeds are becoming smaller as the land is divided up.

Doctor

More babies than funerals—a good sign for the country.
(This procession passes and goes off.)

Third Scene

POLITICS

Enter near door at right end of terrace, from woods behind, a rollicking, noisy, political procession. They carry transparencies, mottoes indicating the presidential campaign for Harrison and Tyler, especially, one bearing

“THE PEOPLE IS OLL KORRECT.”

All are shouting and blowing horns. They all crowd together around the door step of the school and a delegation of more sober minded men appears, leading General Harrison between them up onto the step. Moses B. Corwin lifts a hand and silences the crowd. He says:

"You have now all heard General Harrison, in the Square. You all know he is our future President. He's hungry, he doesn't want to speak again. Will some one ring the dinner bell?"

(Some one does.)

Meanwhile a big table has been set up on the terrace and there has been a stream of women furnishing it for a feast. Old fashioned carryalls and buggies and family carts have driven up and hitched under the trees. Little booths are set up quickly. Picturesque characters of every description come from the country. A great laugh goes up as a company of young men stagger across the terrace, in front of the table, carrying a huge roasted ox on a spit between them. They carry it back of terrace and from thence reappear with huge slices of it, or whole ribs, as the case may be. The General's party approach the table and he is seated in the center; the table is then seated to overflowing. Incessant talking and laughing goes on. Cries of "Speech," "Speech." General Harrison rises and bows; there is silence.

General Harrison

Gentlemen, I will make a speech. This is a very good dinner. Mr. Ward's trees are very beautiful.

(Applause.)

But the best thing of the day has been your own speech, carried on that banner yonder. Let the gentleman hold it up.

(The man does so.) "THE PEOPLE IS OLL KORRECT." (General applause.) He continues:

I think that speech will endure—especially the spelling.

(He sits down. Great applause.) A lively fellow then jumps up on the table and says:

"I'll sing ye a speech."

Whereupon he breaks into a kind of breakdown chant, and is joined vociferously in the chorus of the following:

Tippecanoe's Raisin'

Come, all you log-cabin boys, we're going to have a raisin';
We've got a job on hand that we think will be pleasin'.
We'll turn out and build old Tip a new cabin,
And finish it off with chinkin' and daubin'.
We want all the log-cabin boys in the nation
To be on the ground when we raise the foundation;
And we'll make all the office-holders think it amazin',
To see how we work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Harrison and Tyler,

A neat log cabin and a barrel of hard cider.

On the thirtieth day of next October,
We'll take some hard cider, but we'll all keep sober;
We'll shoulder our axes and cut down the timber,
And have our cabin done by the second of December;
We'll have it well chinked, and we'll have on the cover
Of good sound clapboards, and the weight of poles over,
And a good wide chimney for the fire to blaze in;
So come on boys, to Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Harrison and Tyler,
A neat log cabin and a barrel of hard cider.

Ohio will find the house log timber,
And old Virginia, as you'll remember,
Will find the timber for clapboards and chinkin';
'Twill all be first rate stuff, I'm thinkin';
And when we want to daub it, it happens very lucky,
That we have the best of Clay in old Kentucky;
For there's no other state has such good Clay in
To make the mortar for old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Harrison and Tyler,
A neat log cabin and a barrel of hard cider.

We'll cut out a window and have a wide door in;
We'll lay a good loft and a first rate floor in;
We'll fix it all complete for old Tip to see his friends in.
And we know that the latch-string will never have its end in.
On the fourth day of March, Old Tip will move in it,
And then little Martin will have to shin it;
So, hurrah, boys, there's no two ways in
The fun we'll have at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for Harrison and Tyler,
A nice log cabin and a barrel of hard cider. ***

During the last part of this chant, the foreground people have gradually dispersed and gone, and at its close the whole company stands and rolls the table off the terrace together, shouting the chorus as they go.

*** History of Champaign County, by John W. Ogden, p. 282.

Fourth Scene

THE RAILROAD

Enter Stage Coach in background, slowly and wearily. The increasing Industries load and attempt to start the coach. All is confusion of hurry and cries. A blacksmith is seen shoeing one of the horses.

The Chanter (above the voices)

See Urbana's people stand
With flags and brazen village band,
Gazing down a road of steel.
Ah, what tremors do they feel
At the first low thunder
The distant cornfields under!

It comes, Steam Engine, Horse of Man's desire,
Live, with his passion snorting, belching fire.
Now are the days of horseback journeys fled,
And the stage-coach sits, a wreck, in the tavern shed.

Enter at the other end a newspaper boy running and shouting the name of the paper—"The Western Citizen and Urbana Gazette." He shouts:

The Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad! Connecting Cincinnati and Sandusky City! Only 14 miles of staging between New Orleans and New York!

(Aside to a customer.)

Yes sir, only 14 miles!—Have a paper?

(Shouting.)

Only three days from Cincinnati to New York with loss of only **one** night's sleep!

(Aside to a customer.)

Yes, sir, only one night's sleep!—Have one?

(Shouting.)

Cincinnati to Sandusky—only 15 hours—Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad!

The crowd turns and meets him, buying papers, talking, excited, pointing towards the railroad. They gradually move in that direction. The Stage Coach remains deserted by all.

A crowd of citizens gather on the railroad embankment with a vil lage band playing, and a gay group, the best society of the period.

Farmer

"S'manthie, they'll never start her."

S'manthie

"Hiram, you come back here. Don't you go running after that engine!"

(The Steam Engine dashes past, amid great fluttering of handkerchiefs and flags.)

Farmer (moving along with it)

"S'manthie, they'll never stop her."

After it is gone, the crowd turns and saunters away, no longer noticing the Stage Coach. The Stage Coach driver returns to his box, sadly shaking his head and driving off his coach at a snail's pace.

VI. INTERLUDE OF LIGHT

THE ANGELS OF THE APOCALYPSE.

The Chanter

“Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man,
in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he re-
turneth to his earth: in that very day his thoughts perish.
Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.”
(Psalm 146: verse 3)

During* this, the Prayers of State have come in anxiously from both ends of the terrace, being represented by mature leaders of men. They hurry to the center before the arches, fall on their knees, lift their hands and cry out:

“Thou hast given us the country,
Thou hast given us the vision.
Now do the cross-roads thicken.
Now do the veils deepen.
Give us light.”

The Torch comes quickly, climbs the steps and says to them:

“The Lord will give His angels charge concerning thee.”

He beckons to the curtain. It rises; within, dim forms are seen in a row, standing behind the arches, tall and winged but hidden behind veils. The Torch hesitates. A voice, unseen behind, cries out:

“Ephesus:”

(Then pauses; then continues.)

“Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen,
and repent and do the first works.”—(Rev. 2:5.)

During this warning the veils over the first Angel fall aside and he is disclosed, holding in one hand a fruited branch of the Tree of Life, in the other a great candle stick, lighted. The Torch reaches up and touches the light, then hesitates again.

The Voice

“Smyrna—(a pause) “Be thou faithful unto death and
I will give thee a crown of life.”—(Rev. 2:10.)

The veil falls aside and the second Angel appears, holding in one hand a crown, in the other a lighted candle stick. The Torch reaches up and touches it, and then hesitates again.

The Voice

“Pergamos—(a pause) “Repent; or else I will come
unto thee quickly, and will fight.”—(Rev. 2:16.)

The veil falls from the third Angel, who appears, holding in one hand a white stone with a new name on it, in the other the lighted candle-stick. The Torch touches it likewise, and hesitates again.

The Voice

“Thyatira—(a pause) “That which ye have already, hold fast till I come.”—(Rev. 2:25.)

The veil falls again from the fourth Angel, who is holding in one hand the Morning Star, in the other the great lighted candlestick, which the Torch again reaches up and touches, then waits.

The Voice

“Sardis—(a pause)—“Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die.”—(Rev. 3:2.)

The veil falls from the fifth Angel, who is holding an open Book of Life, and in the other hand the lighted candlestick. The Torch touches it and waits.

The Voice

“Philadelphia—(a pause)—“Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.”—(Rev. 3:11.)

The veil falls again from the sixth Angel, who holds with the left arm a pillar, and in the other hand the lighted candle, which the Torch touches. He hesitates again.

The Voice

“Laodicea—(a pause)—“I counsel thee to buy of me gold.”—(Rev. 3:18.)

The veil falls again and the last Angel appears, standing beside a throne, and holding the lighted candle. The Torch touches it and turns to the center, again stepping out facing the Prayers. As he does this slowly, the Chanter says:

“These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.”—(Rev. 2:1.)

The curtain falls behind the Torch and he descends with the Light and leads off the Prayers in solemn adoration of it.

EPISODE VII.

THE COLLEGE.

On the terrace, center front, gathers a group of early New Churchmen, their wives, sons and daughters. The men are:

DAVID GWYNNE,
THOMAS W. GWYNNE,
EVAN GWYNNE,
JOHN H. JAMES,
DR. W. M. MURDOCH,
AMOS A. RICHARDS,
RICHARD S. CANBY,
REV. J. P. STUART,
REV. SABIN HOUGH,
REV. GEORGE FIELD,
DAVID PRUDEN,
MILO G. WILLIAMS,

Mr. Milo G. Williams (emphatically)

The human mind is no longer to be bound down in the darkness of past ages. In God we now see the great first infinite cause of light. ***

Rev. George Field

This can be put into a curriculum.

Mr. James opens a heavy parchment document and shows it to the others. They converse quietly about it between themselves.

Mr. Williams

You will observe there is no limitation to the value of the estate which may be acquired. A remarkable Charter. ***

Rev. J. P. Stuart

The Lord has done it.

Rev. Sabin Hough then beckons to the boys and girls behind them. They come quietly forward. He says to them:

“Do you desire to enter intellectually into the mysteries of Faith?”

They reply:

“We do.” “We do.”

They then all turn and walk slowly to the left and chief door of the College. As they go, Mr. Williams says to one near him:

“Hitherto I have not considered myself at liberty to teach the distinctive principles of the New Church—Now it is lawful, and the University shall not fail if my services can secure its success.” ***

*** These words were those used by Mr. Williams on this occasion.

Rev. Sabin Hough (standing in front of the little group)

The Secretary of the Board of Trustees will call the Roll.

The above names are called, including Benj. F. Barrett, John H. Williams, E. Hinman, Wm. E. White, Samuel T. Worcester, and John Murdoch. They are answered to by those present. He then lifts his book of worship and says:

"Suitable to the Laying of the Corner Stone of Urbana University, we will now sing Selection 208."

They all immediately begin to sing.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For behold, darkness shall cover the earth
And gross darkness the people,
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,
And His glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And Kings to the brightness of thy rising.
Lift up thine eyes round about and see,
All they gather themselves together, they come to thee.
Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.
Then Thou shalt see and flow together,
And thine heart shall fear and be enlarged,
Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted
unto thee,

The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."

At the first words, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," the College doors open wide and the Torch appears. He stands there alone, during the rest of the Episode, holding his torch high.

Below on the pavement, a little section of brick wall, cornered and corniced, is set up, and the Rev. J. P. Stuart, standing in front of it, says:

"Nunc licet intrare intellectualiter mysteria tibi."

Gentlemen and friends of a New Cause—

It is not necessary to say much upon this occasion. This golden afternoon, the 19th of June, 1851, is but another scene in the great drama begun on another 19th of June, long ago.

To enter with the intellect into the secrets of science, history and the arts, carrying the torch of that glory that is risen upon us, is the theme of its action. The Charter we celebrate today is its stage. That there is emotional persuasion in this very mental program is evidenced by the fact that our heart has feared and become enlarged; it will also be evidenced in the future by the blood and treasure which will be poured without ceasing into this Cause, from the inevitable sacrifice of those who see it. To see it is to behold, not only the darkness that covers the earth, but the Kings and the Gentiles and the

sons from far, who press toward it, following the brightness of its rising. Oh, may no cloud of our own hesitancy ever hide the issue. Lord Jesus, lift up our eyes round about, to see! Amen."

He steps down to one side. The Rev. Sabin Hough then steps forward and lifts a large open stone from the corner of the little pulpit's wall and presents it with a mallet to Mr. Milo G. Williams, and Rev. George Field is presented with a trowel, with which is a little plaster. Mr. Hough says:

"Mr. Williams, as President of the Board of Trustees of Urbana University, will you put its foundation stone in place?"

Mr. Williams Says:

"In this stone I put, in the name of its founders, a copy of the Holy Word, The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrines, The Doctrine of Charity, The Brief Exposition of the Doctrines of the New Church, Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg, The Origin, Organization and Objects—together with the Charter of the University, several tracts and papers published by the New Church in America."

He puts these things into the stone, Rev. George Field then lays the plaster. Mr. Williams then puts the stone in place and gives it three knocks with the mallet. Upon this, the whole assembly, with the choir, breaks into the College Hymn.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth His successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

During this hymn the young men and girls turn, and in solemn order ascend the steps of the College. The Torch turns and leads the way within. After them file in the founders and their wives, and the door is shut.

I N T E R L U D E

FEAR

A herald of Fear runs out on to terrace with a long horn, which he blows as he runs, pausing to cry out:

“War! War!”

He blows again, runs, cries out:

“War!”

and is gone. After him comes, alone, the Specter of War. He is a hooded skeleton, carrying in one hand a drawn sword of great size, in the other a scythe over his shoulder. At his approach, there are sounds of distant drums and far off clarions.

As he passes, the Chanter cries out:

“Ah, light, more light,
Lest what before our sight
The purpose of an highway hath
Fade to a twisting path:
The morning darken to a gleam
And truth again become a dream—”

The specter continues his march very slowly and in an august manner. As he is almost gone, the choir breaks into the hymn:

“Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.”

It sings the first verse all through, the Specter being gone before the first line is sung. Immediately after, on the words “Lead Thou Me On,” a light is dimly visible behind the curtains of the arches. It is the Torch, which passes the length of the colonnade during the hymn, veiled, but discernable.

EPISODE VIII.

THE CIVIL WAR

Enter at end of terrace officers and men mobilizing for the Civil War. Enter immediately, groups of mothers and sisters, on the door step and at the windows. Every group has its parting scene, with a soldier and more. Those in the windows lean down to the young men. There are lovers, sons and fathers; there are keepsakes given, and bags filled, and through it all the drums are beating louder and louder.

A silence, as Ichabod Corwin runs in. He says:

“Fellow citizens; before departure on this terrible errand, let me read to you the motion on which you march.”

The people cry:

“Hear. Hear. Ichabod Corwin!”

They place a little stand for him, which he mounts and reads:

“We, the people of the town of Urbana, are unalterably and forever attached to, and in favor of the supremacy of the Constitution, and of all laws passed in pursuance of it, and of the union of these states; and for the maintenance thereof against all attacks from all quarters we pledge, each of us, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.”

The officers draw their swords. The soldiers salute, the women cheer and cry. He continues:

“I will also read what you already know,—General Fyffe to Governor Dennison pledges Mad River Valley to promptly respond with 5,000 men whenever the General wants us. He wants us. Are we ready?”

(He steps down.)

A great cheer, and the drums again. Then a sudden hush.

VII. INTERLUDE OF LIGHT

REVELATION

While they all stand at one side in groups of departure for war, leaving the center pavement and the arches clear, Simon Kenton enters at opposite end of terrace and proceeds slowly, in meditation, to the center. It is evident that he belongs to another period, and does not see or hear them. He turns front to the audience and stands, still leaning on his cane, a good minute. A choir of men's voices suddenly begins.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

They stop there.

Simon Kenton

(Slowly and with dramatic emphasis.)

"Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord, thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy."

He pauses and looks around at the trees and the thickets where he had met the Indians. He continues:

"And where is the 'fury of the oppressor?' "— Isaiah 12:13.)

Mixed Choir

"The Kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

Men's Choir

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth His successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Simon Kenton (continues)

"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

He pauses and looks around on the grass.

"But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children."—(Psalm 103 : 15-16-17.)

Men's Choir

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

Simon Kenton (lifting his head as if in listening)

"I hear the voices of a new day singing together. They

remind a poor old traveller like me that it is not by chance we journey. I have come through these thickets and over this green sward, as a boy, soft-footed and swift as the wind. I thought then it was my own ambition that led me, my curiosity and my daring. Now I can understand that it was a light in my mind, a kind of Torch. The voices are singing that Jesus shall reign; it may be that it was the Torch of His Kingdom which adventurers follow if they are brave enough."

(He pauses, then looks directly at the audience.)

"Take an old man's word for it, my friends, it is worth following—that inward shining light. It may mean an Indian or two—I was tied to the stake among these very trees! But at the end, it will shine out like a cross made of fire, and will lead you into great countries, a greater country than this—where there is no need of the sun, and the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it." (He pauses.) "When you have been tied to a stake by Indians, you know what it is to be saved." (He turns to go off.) "Yes, it is a great thing to be saved—(He pauses again) and to walk in the light. (He goes a little farther) I have been young and now am old."

(He turns to go off and pauses.)

Mixed Choir

"The Kingdom of this world, is become—"

Simon Kenton (continues)

"Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—(Psalm 37.)

Mixed Choir

"The Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

Men's Choir

"Jesus shall reign."

During these words the curtains before the arches have parted, and reveal, in the center, a great cross shining with light. Against the wall on either side stand the six Angels of the Apocalypse, the seventh standing in the center against the cross. They all carry their lighted candles as before.

Simon Kenton goes off.

RECESSIONAL

The Choir

"Jesus shall reign."

During this, the Torch has run into the colonnade past the Angels, touches the Cross with his light and runs down the steps. The choir is answered by another great hymn of the advancing soldiers of the Civil War, who immediately fall into line. The Torch runs down to meet them, and turning, leads them on their way towards the extreme left. There the two heralds of the opening of the Pageant are already stationed and with every answering phrase of the procession's hymn, they blow the air with the singers until the first half of the recession is closed. The girls and women have crowded out onto the steps of the school and wave goodbye as the army goes past. They run down and fall into line.

The procession sings:

"The Son of Man Goes Forth to War."

At the close of the words:

"A Kingly Crown to Gain,"

the choir and horns continue with the other hymn, which is heard as it through the first:

"His Kingdom spreads."

The Procession Answers

"His blood-red banner streams before,
Who follows in His train."

The Choir

"To Him shall endless,"

The Procession Answers

"Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain."

After the Civil War soldiers have marched past, the girls run in and are gone.

Then enter the Spanish War soldiers, and another group of girls and women, in dress of the period, run out and wave and cry and sing with them as they march past.

The Choir and Horns

"His name like sweet"

The Procession

"Who patient bears his cross below."

Choir, Horns and Procession

"He follows in His train."

A roll of drums

With the second verse, which is sung and marched to in the same manner, enter from extreme end of terrace the people of every day, combining all the groups in the stage coach episode and in the railroad and political scene.

The Choir and Horns

“People and Realms—”

The Procession

“The martyr first whose eagle eye,
Could pierce beyond the grave—”

The Choir and Horns

“And infant voices—”

The Procession

“He saw his Master in the sky
And called on Him to save—”

The Choir and Horns

“Let every creature—”

The Procession

“Like Him with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain—”

The Choir and Horns

“Angels descend—”

The Procession

“He prayed for those who did the wrong.”

All Together with Horns

“He follows in their train.”

A long roll of drums as before between the verses. Then

The Choir and Horns (in 3rd Verse)

“Jesus shall reign—”

Enter the soldiers of the local Division of the Army of the Great War. With them crowd out onto the steps, girls and women in the dress of the period, waving and crying farewell. They respond as they march:

“A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the spirit came.

The Choir and Horns

“His Kingdom spread”

The Procession

“Twelve valiant saints—their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.”

The Choir and Horns

“To Him shall endless”

The Procession

“They met the tyrant’s brandished steel,
The lion’s gory mane—”

The Choir and Horns

“His name like sweet—”

The Procession

“They bowed their necks the death to feel”

All Together

“Who follows in their train.”

With the last verse enter the families of all the periods, men, women and children. They are joined by the women who waved farewell to the soldiers.

The Choir and Horns (as in 3d verse)

“People and realms.”

The Procession

“A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid.”

The Choir and Horns

“And infant voices”

The Procession

“Around the Savior’s throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.”

Choir

“Let every creature”

The Procession

“They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain.”

Choir and Horns

“Angels descend”

The Procession

“O God, to us may grace be given.”

All Together

“To follow in their train.”

The first part of the Recession has turned at the gate and followed the Torch up the lane and out of sight.
The men’s choir, alone now, takes up the refrain:

"Jesus shall reign."

which it sings between each stanza of the hymn of the last part of the Recession. There is no pause in the marching time between the first part and the coming of the second part, although for a few minutes no one is seen on the terrace; the voices of the approaching hymn being heard in the distance, answering to the "Jesus shall reign," with

"As with gladness, men of old
Did the guiding star behold
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

Enter the Prayers of the Martyrs. They run ahead of the group in the advancing procession composed of the Missions, and rush up to the Cross. Each Prayer carries a torch and, as the first one touches the Cross, the other torches flame. They take a position like a long ray of light reaching out from the Cross onto the pavement below the Angels. After the Missions come The First Pioneers, preceded by the Prayers of the Mothers, who run likewise to the Cross with their torches and stand, another ray of light, beckoning on the Pioneers, who sing the second verse:

"As with joyous steps they sped
To the Infant Saviour's bed;
There to bend and kneel before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat."

After them come the signers of the Fort Gower Resolutions, the Staff of Arthur St. Clair, The Flag and the Ordinance of 1787, carried by the Pioneers. They are preceded by the Prayers of Soldiers, who, likewise run ahead and up to the Cross, forming a ray of light which leads on the group, with the third verse:

"As they offered gifts most rare
At that cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Lord! to Thee, our heavenly King."

Enter the Children's Prayers, running ahead of the first school teachers, the Circuit Court, the Farmers and Maidens and Johnny Appleseed. They also run to the Cross and carry out their light in the way they stand, with the fourth verse:

"Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide."

Enter the Greenville treaty, carried by Chiefs and followed by all the Chiefs. These are preceded by the Prayers of Youth, who run up and form their ray of light from the Cross, with the fifth verse:

"In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing,
Hallelujahs to our King."

Enter the Prayers of State, who form the last ray of light, and all together remain singing while the procession vanishes.

The blazing Cross, with its Angels and its rays of light and the choir above, alone remain.

The Chanter

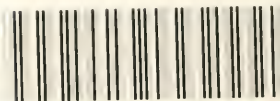
Have they departed? Have they gone from sight,
The guiding vision and the travelling light?
Is there no longer in our work and care
A running Torch to answer every prayer?

Go up into the town and far away
Where this sun rises on another day,
Take up the labor that our fathers planned,
See that its last fulfillment is as grand
As faithful to its purpose as when they
Called for the Light of lights upon their way.
And in your need, as they did, pause and look—
A spirit bright will lead you to the Book,
Will open to your eyes the vision true,
Will touch its fire and bring it down to you.

Behold, the vistas of the darkening green
Where in a passionate life just now were seen
Our treasured heroes—where we heard them say
The words that are the folk-lore of our day!
How soon the silence! They have gone ahead
Following the Torch; so be you likewise led.

— THE END —

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